

1493 h. 12.

K N I G H T S - H I L L F A R M
T H E
S T A T E S M A N ' S R E T R E A T ,
A P O E M ,
D E S C R I P T I V E and P O L I T I C A L ,
P O R T R A Y I N G

The KING	CARLO KHAN
The QUEEN	Dutchess of D-NSHIRE
Lord CHANCELLOR	Duke of D-NSHIRE
Lord GOWER	Lord D-TM-TH
Lord TEMPLE	Lord H-RTF-D
Lord SHELBURNE	Sir W. H—
Lord CARMARTHEN	E—D B— Esq.
Lord CHAMBERLAIN	&c. &c. &c.

Dedicated to the Earl of SALISBURY, Lord Chamberlain of his Majesty's
Household.

*With Diffidence of Soul that smiles on Hope,
While Fancy trembles at her daring Scope;
Nature, to thee the Muse prefers its Pray'r,
And, with thy Influence, begs thy Taste to share;
So with its Joy it shall that Pleasure find,
Communication gives the social Mind;
Blunt the sharp Point when Critics hurl the Dart!
And pour soft Balm when Satyr probes the Heart.*

L O N D O N ;

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Price Two Shillings and Six-Pence.

The Critic, I fear, will find but too much Cause to
 Disapprobation, for want of that Polish which the Public Eye
 requires in Works of Taste; but the Fault being too great,
 for Time to permit in a Piece of this Nature, it is rather laid at
 the Door of Candour, than ascribed to the Fault in composition.

My LORD,

HAVING had the Honor of dining, on *Midsummer-Day*,
 with the Lord Chancellor, at *Knights-Hill Farm*; and after
 walking in his Garden, to review the Beauties of Nature,
 which surround his little agreeable Seat, I threw these Lines
 together, in a few Days; and while they are given to the
 Public, I dedicate them, as a Mark of Respect, to your Lord-
 ship; justly presuming, from the Loyalty of your noble Heart,
 that the poetic Animation, which Breaths that Spirit, would
 prove acceptable for its loyal Intention, however it falls short
 of intrinsic Merit, with respect to its Poetry.

I was still farther induced to take this Liberty, by having
 the Honor to be of your Lady's Family; especially, as she
 has gained the Hearts of *Hatfield*, less from her Titles, than
 from her good Sense, Affability, and Condescension, by which
 she made, in the Cause of Loyalty, such agreeable Impressions
 at *St. Albans*, in Behalf of her noble Brother.

KNIGHTS

The

The Critic, I fear, will find but too much Cause to exercise Disapprobation, for want of that Polish which the public Eye requires in Works of Taste; but the Trouble being too great, for Time to permit in a Piece of this Nature, it is rather laid at the Door of Candour, than ushered to the Town in confident Presumption.

May then the Descendant of *Cecil*, the great *Eliza*'s confidential Statesman; whose Fidelity was proved in the Hour of Peril, and who brought that great Princess through all her Dangers, be always like the great Original, as useful to his Country, as faithful to his Sovereign: So then Prosperity shall dignify Happiness, and beam round your Paths unfading Lustre equal to the Wishes of

My Lord,



Your Lordship's most obedient,

And most humble Servant,

The AUTHOR.

KNIGHTS

K N I G H T S - H I L L F A R M

S T A T E S M A N ' S R E T R E A T .

IMPERIAL *Thames*! thou *Britain's* Joy and Pride!
That flow'st majestic, with a copious Tide;
Meandering, as if led by Hands divine;
Grandeur in whom and Elegance combine!
O thou, whose Stream in View of *Dulwich* Hills,
Where Nature, with Delight, the Bosom fills;
Moves on sublimely, bearing as it flows,
The Wealth of Commerce, and the Scourge of Foes:
Ah, tell me where, midst thy Elyfian Seats,
Thy taste-built Villas, and thy green Retreats,
Which smile reflective, and thy Presence court,
While Nature revels, and the Graces sport!
Where, with the Eye of Judgment, canst thou find,
Fit for a mighty Statesman's mighty Mind,

So proper a Retreat from carping Care,
 Laws Trammels, and the Politician's Snare,
 As sweetly-rural *Dulwich*? crown'd with Oak,
 Dear Sylvan Scenes, where Nature I invoke!
 Its Thought-inspiring Woods----its verdant Hills----
 And Prospects, which the Heart with Rapture thrills!

'Tis true, O *Richmond*! thou delightful Place,
 That rival'st *Italy*, in ev'ry Grace;
 Of simple Nature, and of brilliant Art,
 Sweetly delicious to the feeling Heart----
 And *Windfor*---famous for its castled State,
 Its well fung Forest, and the Good and Great,
 In some bright Parts can ask Pre-eminence,
 But on the Whole gain no just Preference:
 For *Dulwich* boasts, with all its Charms confest,
 Its Nearness to the imperial City---Blest
 With a mild balmy and salubrious Air,
 Fit for the Healthy, or more tender Fair:
 A Claim the Statesman, and the Merchant own,
 As well as He who gracious fills the Throne;

Who,



Who, ere the bitter Cares of cruel State
 Had dash'd his Cup of Happiness; and Fate
 Permitted fiere-ey'd Faction to controul
 The well-meant Purpose of his royal Soul,
 And plant the Thorn sharp-pointed thick around
 The glitt'ring Circle proud, by which is bound
 His sacred Head---delighted us'd to ride,
 And lose, in happy Shades, the Pomp of Pride
 For Exercise, around this rural Spot,
 Thro' the thick Wood, and near the humble Cot;
 And from his worthy Tutor Wisdom gain,
 Taste the sweet Air, and learn his Passions to restrain!

Thus the convenient Nearness to the Town,
 Is to the Merchant or the Tradesman known,
 Who, when his Counting-House he overlooks,
 Inspects his Cash, and over-hawls his Books;
 Visits the Exchange, that like a Beehive swarms,
 And looks thro' Trade in all its varied Forms:
 Flies in an Hour from all-distracting Care,
 And for a noxious, sleeps in Health-procuring Air.

Yes,

Yes, awful *Thurlow*, firm and resolute,
 As great in Genius, as in Sense acute,
 Has found, judicious, midst these Hills, a Seat,
 A rural, charming, tho' a small Retreat;
 Where rising, like himself, on rising Ground,
 Which humbly looks beneath on all around;
 He breathes the Fragrance of the purest Air,
 Where jocund Health and Exercise repair:
 For without rosy Health and Peace of Mind,
 What's the whole World to me, and all Mankind!

A sloping Terrace opening to the Sun,
 Delights around his little Seat to run;
 Border'd by Shrubs that own the Hand of Art,
 But heav'nly Nature claims the chiefest Part;
 And all herself with variegated Plan,
 Scorns to be check'd, and laughs at mimic Man.

Here the great Statesman, overwhelmed with Care,
 Shunning, with wary Step, the Craftsman's Snare,
 Immers'd in Law-suits, and oppress'd with Strife,
 Noisy and troublous as a brawling Wife;

May in an Hour the wrangling City fly,
 To calm Concealment, and a brighter Sky;
 To such sequester'd, and such private Shades,
 Where Folly comes not, nor where Strife invades;
 As sweetly rural, and as much retir'd,
 As Seats where Distance makes the Scene admired.
 O *Thurlow*! as you love the King, your Name
 Shall sound immortal in the Trump of Fame;
 For while you've baffled Faction, you have sav'd
 The Constitution, and Rebellion brav'd;
 Great in the Hall, the Senate, and the Court,
 Still, like another *Atlas*, you the Realm support!

The View, wide spreading to th' enraptur'd Sight,
 Strikes us with indiscriminate Delight;
 Bold, intermix'd with Corn Fields, Hills and Dales,
 And Villages, and Woods, and flow'ry Vales;
 So interspers'd with such a haughty Taste,
 As scorns to be by mimic Art disgrac'd!

In vary'd Shapes the Hills salute the Skies,
 Smile on the View, but not to Mountains rise;

While one more bold in Woods its Basis shrouds,
 Should'ring its slopy Verdure to the Clouds!
 Crown'd with a Tree that scorns the Woodman's Stroke,
 To shew that *Britans* still are Heart of Oak.
 But the rich Valleys, thick with golden Wheat,
 And flow'ry Meads, where fleecy Lambkins bleat,
 Like the coy Nymphs, who bathe the chrystal Rill,
 Half hide themselves aside the skreen-fraught Hill.
 Nor less the Lane our Eye with Pleasure greets,
 O'er arch'd with Trees, and rich with flow'ry Sweets,
 Profuse of Woodbine, intermix'd between;
 That lead our Footsteps to the rural Green;
 Whether we walk, or ride, or drive the Chair,
 Smell the fresh Hay Field----taste the Noon-tide Air;
 Or sit high canopy'd with Shade around,
 The inspiring Fancy cries 'tis Fairy Ground!

But see the nut-brown Family aside,
 The skreening Hedge, and where the black-ey'd Bride,
 Under the hedge-row Elm, with sun-burnt Breast,
 Suckles her Child, and huddles it to rest.

The drifted Smoke ascends from fire-bright Sticks,
 Which Poverty, in tatter'd Garments, picks ;
 Boiling the Kettle for the Greens they steal,
 As round with Gibbrish they the Morsel deal.
 On the cold Earth, in Nature's Lap they lay,
 And wash their Sorrows in their Tears away ;
 Thro' Depths of Woe, descending to the Grave,
 Regardless where they go, or who's to save !
 There too the burthen-bearing Ass feeds round,
 Of Life scarce conscious, tho' he looks profound !

Yet in Futurity, to gather Pence,
 They claim a Knowledge, with a vile Pretence,
 Known to that Power alone which all Things knows,
 Who makes us prosp'rous, or permits our Woes ;
 To tell a Mortal's Fortune by his Hand,
 Foresee Events, and Fate's Will understand.
 But not from Folly, this from Craft they do,
 And oft instructed by an artful Clue,
 To pick the Pocket, or delude the Heart
 Of Fools too curious, who from Truth depart ;

For

For how ridiculous to trust or try

The Lips they know must hammer out the Lie!

Ah wretched Beings, curst with Liberty,

And made from all that's good and happy free.

What Cause shall we assign there is on Earth,

Such wond'rous Difference from the very Birth!

That Nature seems its Offspring to desert,

Disclaim their Birth-right, and its Laws pervert?

While some she fosters, where her Fondness cloy,

Kills them with Kindness, and with Love destroys.

Then let us not the humble Poor despise,

Nor see their Suff'rings with averted Eyes;

Let Patience hear, and Pity quick relieve

The hard, hard Fate that makes the Bosom grieve;

Lost to the World, unpity'd or forgot,

Think how it might have been our own sad Lot,

To fall in Mis'ry, or in Vice to sink,

Left by our Fate on deep Destruction's Brink!

With Generosity of Soul then deal

That Aid which Nature calls for, when we feel

Humanity

Humanity within, itself impart,
 Melt in the Nerves, and palpitate the Heart.
 So Heav'n, who bids Benevolence, shall own
 The god-like Act, as done to him alone.

But if we rove in Exercise employ'd,
 By Dryads, Wood Nymphs, and the Muse decoy'd,
 The Scene to vary farther on the Sight,
 What Views enchanting form the new Delight!
 So grand, that strikes Expression with Despair,
 While Nature to Description cries, beware!
 For there bright Silver-breasted *Thames* spreads wide
 His glassy Stream, and flows a glorious Tide!
 Bearing terrific War's vast floating Towers,
 That hurl Destruction in their fiery Showers!
 With emulating Merchantmen, whose sails
 Bulge to the Breeze, and court the rushing Gales;
 And charm our Eyes, as buckling from the Point,
 They gunnel to, and crack in every Joint.

Beneath the Canopy of Heav'n's vast Space!
 What Clouds tremendous darken Nature's Face!

In dire Contention ! while loud Thunders roll,
And forked Lightnings flash from Pole to Pole !

What *Titan*, beetle-brow'd, is that I view,
Briareus like, with his *East-India* Crew ?
'Tis *Carlo Khan* ! who now attempts his Reign,
With filken Nabobs in his slavish Train.
He strides an Elephant, whose look is dull,
And much affects to seem the great Mogul !
While many-handed *Boreas*, sleep-ey'd goes,
Himself an Army, and defies his Foes.

The *Titans* now appear, as 'twere to pile
Hills upon Mountains, with prodigious Toil,
To scale Heav'n's Battlements, and tumble down,
By Art and Force, their Sov'reign from his Throne ;
Which now the Friends of Loyalty enclose,
To meet the Foe, and what they meet oppose.

Now *Temple*, Seraph-like, begins the Fight,
While God-like *Pitt*, with heav'nly Armour bright,
Calls loud on *Carlo* with terrific Voice,
Who hears the Challenge, and accepts the Choice

By the Speech-monger, that Hibernian loud,
 Supported ; whose Harangues inspire the Croud,
 Till like the fabled *Jove*, with Thunder arm'd,
Thurlow approaching makes them shrink alarm'd ;
 Flash after Flash the fiery Light'ning flies,
 And headlong tumbles *Carlo* from the Skies !
 Who falls 'midst broken Thrones, and Chairs of State,
 Crowns, Turbants, Scimeters, and Gifts of *Plate* ;
 Garters and Stars, and Show'rs of Treasure too ;
 While on his envy'd Throne appears in View,
 The King triumphant o'er the falling Crew ;
 As o'er his sacred Head the Sun displays
 Thro' op'ning Clouds, its Glory with refulgent Rays.

Parent of Evil---say ambitious Pride---
 Thou fall of Angels and of Men beside ;
 Can nothing stop thee in thy mad Career,
 To mark the Sanctions born of Hope and Fear ?
 But tho' Death drags thee to the silent Tomb,
 Vengeance shall hurl thee in its dreadful Gloom,
 Chain thee in Anguish, and prolong thy Doom.

But see this Globe's Emporium nobly great,
 The World's Metropolis, where mighty Fate
 Sits on the chequered Fortune of Mankind,
 Too much by Nature to the Wrong inclin'd;
 Where Folly, Vice, and where Adversity
 Bind some---while others fly to Pleasure free;
 The Prospect's awful, big with wondrous Thought,
 As 'tis with Circumstance amazing fraught.
 What a vast Line of City shoots along!
 What peopling Millions in the Circle throng!
 What their Employment! what will be their Fate!
 Like Bees close thronging Life's uncertain Gate!
 Virtue and Vice in Opposition fly,
 While Death steals slowly down a gloomy Sky!

Here, on these Hills, made sacred by her Feet,
 Oft would the great *Eliza* find Retreat;
 Unbending, from the Cares of Pomp and Court,
 Pleas'd with the Prospect where the Graces sport,
 And meet young *Effie*, at the Dairy near,
 Hoping to find the Friendship that's sincere.

Vain Hope! for Friendship's often but a Name,
 Specious Pretences, and a lambent Flame!
 Children of Peace, in Safety how you walk
 The Hills, the Dales, and Woods, in pleasing Talk!
 O, Dove-like Peace, who comes with Silver Wing,
 And Olive Branch---from thee what Blessings spring!
 And as the golden Fruit the Nation gains,
 Of Peace, O *Shelburne*, from thy gen'rous Pains,
 And active strong Ability---the Muse
 That feels the Blessing, can't the Praise refuse!

When that Blue-ribban'd plausible Premier,
 Was trusted by his King the State to steer;
 He sunk our Glory with unblushing Face,
 Adding vast Ruin to our vast Disgrace;
 By Blunder or Design employing those,
 Whose curst Connivance aggrandiz'd our Foes;
 Loading the Nation with Distress, to bring
 A Coalition in, to o'er fet the King!
 Then *Shelburne* stept in, caught the lucky Hour---
 Brought home sweet Peace, and broke Rebellion's Pow'r!

Howe.

E

But

But in the critical Contention nice,
 He in the Struggle fell a Sacrifice!
 While now the Storm subsiding, Plenty's Smile,
 And happy Days, shall bless this favour'd Isle!

And here by Moon-light, whose soft Beam pervades
 The solemn Stillness of the chequer'd Glades,
 Thro' the cool Softness of the Summer Grove,
 To hear the warbling Nightingale I rove----
 A sacred Awfulness is spread around,
 As the still Moon-light spreads along the Ground;
 While quick creative Fancy wakes to Sight,
 Beholding Wonders that inspire Delight.

But hark! what more than mortal Music floats
 Delicious round, and something great denotes---
 Ah, see the mighty Guardian of the Land,
 As up the *Thames* he sails, and waves his Hand!
 Now his bright ærial Chariot he ascends!
 And now his rapid Course to *Knights-Hill* bends,
 Where Fiends rebellious, with fierce Faction join'd,
 Demons at Enmity with all Mankind,

Hover

Hover aloft with mischievous Intent,
 As if in some vile Act pestiferous bent!
 To blast the Gardens, and the Corn Fields blight;
 And kill the Herds with Terror and Affright;
 To dart swift Light'ning, and loud Thunder roll,
 And hurl Distraction on th' astonish'd Soul!
 Or to contaminate the Air, imbrown'd
 By Night, and yellow Sickness spread around

Soon as the Genius came, the Demons near,
 He grasp'd his Shield, and wav'd his glitt'ring Spear,
 For Fight preparing in the dusky Air,
 Resolv'd no more so vile a Crew to spare:
 But Vice, tho' desp'rate, feels a want within
 Of active Force, and shrinks with conscious Sin;
 When its oppos'd to Goodness girt with Pow'r,
 And turns averfise from th' impending Hour:
 Hence they with scouling Brow, and Curses dire,
 With proud Defiance, haughtily retire:
 So Pyrates, what they cannot conquer, fly,
 But stand to Arms, and impotent defy.

Then

Then as the Genius near the Skirting Wood, in Holes
 On the pavilion'd Hill, or walk'd or stood,
 His choral Band their golden Harps attune,
 As hangs in sweet Suspence the Silver Moon;
 Taking their Song from Britain's injur'd King,
 With solemn Notes his Country's loss they sing;
 Brought on by Faction, in their Lust of Sway,
 And Hate to him they dar'd to disobey.
 Tyrants in Pow'r, and Rebels out, from Pride
 They'd bring to Ruin what they must not guide;
 Rather than not their desperate Plans pursue,
 Tho' they involv'd themselves in Ruin too!
 Th' apostate Angels thus in Heaven rebell'd,
 Risking all Happiness before they're quell'd,
 Then next the Youth, supported by the Mah,
 Who stood forth firmly in the loyal Plan,
 To save his Country, and protect the King;
 To thee, O Thurlow, and to Pitt they sing.
 Go on and prosper, all the Chorus cry!
 Go on and prosper, echoing Hills reply!

The King, in spite of all the Pow'rs of Hell,
 Shall keep his Throne, and factious Spirits quell;
 And save the Constitution, almost broke
 By *Britain's* Foes, to Faction's stubborn Yoke;
 Perfect his Subjects Birth-right Liberty,
 And make those happy, whom he'll still keep free!

The Moon retir'd, as Day spring from on high,
 Advanc'd, and streak'd the glowing eastern Sky
 With rosy Blushes; while, with pearly Dew,
 The meek-ey'd Morn began the Grass to strew;
 Then they in softest Music disappear'd,
 While the bright rising Sun the Face of Nature cheer'd!

By Accident, not Purpose, *Pitt* was nam'd,
 That Youth for Genius, as for Virtue fam'd;
 But why thus take th' apologizing Task,
 O Muse, who nothing has to fear or ask?
 Be free to speak----nor Calumny attend,
 Proud in the Thought thou art thy Country's Friend!
 No sinister Design----not Party sways
 The Verse, that only aims at dear bought Praise!

O then call'd forth, by great Occasion's Voice!
 Hope of thy Country, and thy Sovereign's Choice;
 O may not Selfishness, nor high-born Pride,
 Possess thy Bosom, and thy Actions guide;
 But as like *Hercules* thou'rt born to quell
 That Serpent Faction, which before thee fell,
 Oh, Instrument of Heav'n! so art thou bound,
 To lower our Taxes, which our Vitals wound;
 'Tis in Resource----an *Equal Land Tax* swears----
 That Man can do it who but nobly dares!

But shouldst thou fall by sinister Design,
 Nor check the Heart that Frailty must incline,
 By the tight Rein of rational Command,
 Which God-like Virtue gives to Honor's Hand,
 Down, like a dropping Star from Heav'n, thy fall,
 Deep in Perdition will thy Soul enthrall!
 The disappointed Realm will curse thy Name,
 And brand thy Forehead with eternal Shame!
 But if, as thou beganst thou dar'st to rise,
 The Love that folds thee here, shall lift thee to the Skies!

Hence

Hence, as thy Sire the *British* Light'ning hurl'd,
 To save from *France* th' ungrateful *Western* World,
 Now lost by Faction from the *British* Throne,
 Laid a vast Burthen under which we groan----
 A hundred Millions!----but the Debt, tho' large,
 Such its Resource----the Kingdom can discharge.
 If firm, O *Pitt*, thou dar'st be nobly just,
 And to do good, be God-like in thy Trust!
 Now Faction droops retiring to its Den,
 That *Hydra*, many-headed Taxes, then
 Attempt, and soon the Monster thou shalt quell;
 Weaken its Force, and its Effects repell;
 'Till *Britain* all herself begins to rise,
 Assert its Glory, and its Foes despise!

'Twas in these Woods, perhaps, e're *Cæsar* crost
 The well-disputed *Thames*, which *Britons* lost
 To fell Ambition in their *Roman* Foe;
 The Druids, crown'd with sacred Mistletoe,
 Join'd with the choral Bards, who strung
 Anew the deep resounding Harp, and sung

To

To numerous Chiefs, and Bands collected round,
 Threat'ning, with nervous Arms, the future Wound;
 In sacred Verse the War-inspiring Song,
 With Love of Liberty to fire the Throng;
 Their King, their Country, and their Wives defend,
 And in their Carrs, like Lightning, on the Foe descend.

O Hills, and Dales, and Oh ye vocal Woods;
 Ye starry Heavens, and reflecting Floods,
 Witness the Love I bear to Liberty,
 The gen'rous Joy I feel in being free!
 O say, sweet Passion on my Heart engrav'd,
 How much I scorn to enslave, or be enslav'd!
 And call on Virtue to attest the Truth,
 I've hated Tyrants from the Hour of Youth;
 But God-like Reason likewise tells the Soul,
 That Passion turns to Vice without controul;
 For what's the human Heart, free from restraint?
 Strong to all Evil, but to Virtue faint----
 Hence if the Laws have not the Pow'r to bind,
 Tyrants or Rebels will be half Mankind!

How

How rich from Fairy Hill the Prospect swells,
 Nature's grand Garden! and exulting tells
 The glorious Author, with a Voice so sweet,
 Joyous we answering cry, 'tis all complete!
 'Tis all complete, the vocal Woods reply,
 And bear it grateful to th' all-conscious Sky;
 The conscious Sky smiles with mild Lustre round,
 To see from Earth warm Gratitude rebound;
 For O, what Joy from Gratitude is felt,
 To humanize the Heart it loves to melt!

Grand on the Right, that noble Structure Paul's,
 On Genius, and on Taste's Attention calls,
 While on the Left, the beauteous Abbey stands,
 And Veneration's Eye at least Demands;
 Near which itself *Britannia's* Senate hides,
 Proud of the River which around it glides:
 Temple august! not in its Structure great,
 But as it bears a mighty Nation's Fate;
 The Seat of Freedom, and the Tyrant's Scourge,
 When Pow'r beyond the Laws they dare to urge;

But where in specious Garbs of Freedom drest,
 Opposing Faction hurls the proud Contest;
 'Till mean Self-interest, and till Party Rage,
 Lost to their Country their whole Thoughts engage.
 There *B-rk* speaks with a Voice so full of Grace,
 Gods, how he speaks!---he speaks himself in Place!

What wond'rous Man is that, who rising strikes
 The Bosom---that his Principles dislikes
 With Awe, with Terror, and with Admiration;
 When, like a fabled God, he shakes the Nation
 With Elocution's thund'ring Voice?---'Tis he!
 Who, Raven brow'd, and all himself!---I see
 To Silence turns the listening House around,
 Or to persuade---to baffle---or confound.
 Thunder his Mouth, and Flashes from his Eyes,
 His Foes astonish, and his Friends surprized!
 Ah! had he but a Heart, so form'd by Fate,
 As good as his capacious Mind is great,
 That truly lov'd his Country and his King,
 The Constitution to Perfection bring;

To what a glorious Height he might have built
 The Kingdom? whose Foundation's sapp'd by Guilt!
 Sinking, deep-struck by Faction's cruel Dart,
 With Wounds whose Stream still gushes from its Heart!
 How can'st thou view the Wrecks the Storm has made,
 And not relent, and give thy Country aid?
 For *North*, like Mill-Stones, hung thy Neck around,
 Has sunk thee in Ambition's Gulf profound!

But Heav'n, who will not let us deeply sink,
 Tho' nearly falling down Destruction's brink,
 Raises his equal in Capacity,
 From Faction's Bondage now to set us free!
 Whose Heart, by Virtue form'd, by Nature good,
 Has nobly, in Temptation, upright stood!
 Who, born to conquer all his Country's Foes,
 Will raise its Honor, while he heals its Woes!
 So his great Father, in the Hour distress,
 Came like an Eagle from his rocky Nest,
 Or Thunder rushing headlong down the Sky,
 And made the hypocritic Party fly;

Then

Then rais'd his King and Country high in Glory,
As useful as magnificent in Story!

Who in the Upper House are those we see,
Shrink from the Throne and turn its Enemy?

Ah, quick-ey'd *M-nstl-d*, once the great Support,
Laws Oracle, and Fav'rit of the Court;

St-rm-nt the sensible, and *S-ndw-ch* too!

Are ye gone over whom we thought so true?

It cannot be!----You, like the Needle show,

Move to the North,---yet tremble as you go!

But is Dame Rat's gaunt Husband, lank and lean,

Drawn off by Mammon, and ungrateful seen!

Can pious *D-rtm--th* be so worldly wise,

For Loaves and Fishes now t' apostatize?

Impossible----but see the Loss made good,

By those whose Loyalty the Bait withstood.

There, midst the noble Throng, *Carmarthen* shines,

With fashion'd Manner, which his Taste refines,

And, to a gen'rous Way of thinking, adds

Grace to his Action, which the Bosom glads;

Thus

Thus blest with *Genius*, and a liberal Mind,
 He joys to do the Good he wills Mankind;
 While noble *Gow'r*, still steady to his Prince,
 In Time of Danger dar'd his Love evince,
 But last, not least in Love, with loyal Heart,
 The noble *Salisbury* took an active Part;
 And can the Heart a nobler Tribute bring,
 Which serves its Country while it serves the King?

Nor less the Queen's House, for its Owner's Sake,
 From Sense of Duty shall the Verse partake;
 For she has prov'd, in these sequester'd Scenes,
 One of the best of Women, and the first of Queens.

The Man how happy---but much more the King,
 Who, in his Consort, whom the Virtues bring,
 Finds such a Partner, and a Bosom Friend,
 The Heart to comfort, and the Mind unbend;
 Whose Joys she heightens with partaking Smiles,
 And with Affection's Voice his Care beguiles:
 So that she makes Life's Bark with Pleasure glide
 Down Time's deep River, with a smother Tide;

Calms Nature's Brow when adverse Winds arise,
And glads the Breast when Sun-shine gilds the Skies.

Her Royal Confort too demands the Lay,
But cautious must the Muse that Tribute pay;
For whilst the Breath of Faction blasts his Fame,
They scout the honest Praise that joins his Name!
Yet, their mean Envy cannot dare deny
The social Virtues that his Mind supply,
With gen'rous Thoughts the gen'rous Deed to act,
And bring the Speculation into Fact.
There Nature, pleas'd with such a temper'd Mind,
Holds, smiling, up th' Example to Mankind!
A faithful Husband, and a tender Mate,
He shines confess'd, and bids us emulate;
And, as a Parent strict, yet good and kind,
Search round the World, a better who can find!
While in the Master he becomes the Friend,
Gracious to all who his Commands attend;
Nor, wond'rous! does a single Vice controul
The settled Purpose of his virtuous Soul.

The Muse, which scorns to flatter vicious Kings,
Calls on the World to attest the Truth she sings.

Now let us view him on his Throne, where first
Ambitious Faction, with its Breath accurst,
Blighted the Blossoms of his noble Youth,
And stung him with the Viper of Untruth!
To make e'en Crimes from his Misfortunes flow,
Which they brought on him when they turn'd his Foe!

A Man so virtuous cannot be a King,
That would dire Evils on the Nation bring,
To gratify ambitious Lust of Sway----
With Pride insensate Liberty betray,
And thro' the Kingdom act a Tyrant's Part----
Impossible----'Tis foreign to his Heart!
But those who would enslave, and who durst
Strike at the Constitution, cry out first
To throw Concealment o'er their Plans, and bring
Suspicious Odiums on so good a King;
To whom, propitious Heav'n, as with a Shield,
Will, with his Peoples Love, Protection yield.

Whiteball,

Whitehall, that beautiful Pile, salutes our Eyes,
 Where once a Palace was design'd to rise;
 But where, sad Fate, unhappy *Charles* the First,
 Fell sacrificed by cruel Hands accurst!
 A Statue of the Second *James*, behind
 A Warning stands to Kings, a Lesson to Mankind!
 At Midnight's awful Hour, one darkling Night,
 When Clouds spread Rain, the Moon a gleamy Light,
 For Shelter there the youthful *Carlo* came,
 From *Richmond* House, when he the wond'rous Claim
 Of dire Man-eating *Jews* had satisfy'd,
 Twice Fifty Thousand Pounds! by Love supply'd
 Paternal, which was from the Nation stole!
 There, as he stopt, a Voice that shook his Soul,
 Cry'd awful---Let Ambition fire thy Mind!
 And strait the Ghost of *Cromwell* stalk'd behind!
Carlo with Horror started! black his Hair
 Quick chang'd from brown, and his Complexion fair
 Turn'd swarthy dark; his Form grew thickly odd,
 And look'd the *Jew* that crucify'd his God!

Then

Then thus spoke *Cromwell*, with his harden'd Face,
 Gruff Voice, false Eye, and Manner void of Grace;
 No more let Gamesters, Whores, and Drunkards dire,
 Engross that Heart which Glory should inspire;
 But be my great Example printed there;
 Enforce thy Genius, and like *Cromwell* dare!
 Like *Phæton*, the Chariot of the Sun,
 Attempt---What's boldly dar'd oft's nobly won,
 Yet, start not Conscience, at the Thought of Blood,
 Craft need not always wade the purple Flood;
 But much-lov'd self thou to a God must raise,
 And climb to Glory while the Envious gaze.
 Arms, and the well-fought Field me Glory gave,
 But sent the Tyrant to th' untimely Grave!
 Tyrant I call'd him, tho' a worthy Man,
 But *Carlo*, that can never be thy Plan:
 For never, by the Lust of Pow'r inspir'd,
 Tyrannic arbitrary Sway he once requir'd;
 Tho' that's the Mist which Faction throws, to blind
 The Eyes, and work the Passions of Mankind!

Hence at the Bottom, by the People lov'd,
They'll guard the Throne that cannot be remov'd.

What's to be done to gain this mighty End
You cry, and such an envy'd Height ascend?
First in the *Western* World his Sceptre break!
His Throne then artful in the Senate shake!
By that Majority sublimely grand,
That Pow'r Almighty nothing can withstand!
In th' *East* then rising, like the rising Sun,
On Crowns thou'lt trample, for the Work is done!

No more he said, but vanish'd from the Sight,
In Peals of Thunder, that astonish'd Night:
While *Carlo* shudd'ring, took his onward Way,
And swore the Ghost he would not disobey;
For, as he went, a hollow Voice behind
Groan'd direful---*Let Ambition fire thy Mind!*

Go on ye Mowers, whet again your Scythe,
And sing, ye gay Hay-making Lasses blith,
It will not rain, the Clouds disperse, and see
Comes forth th' all cheering Sun, inspiring Glee.

Stroke after Stroke, the sturdy Mowers take,
 Bend to the Scythe, and bring to use the Rake ;
 Which all th' Hay Makers ply, as loud they sing,
 Of Love's soft Passion, or the Charms of Spring ;
 And pile promiscuous Cocks of new-made Hay,
 Fragrant of smell, and lose the Time in play.
 Then to their Cots retiring, meet with Joy,
 The Husband playing with his little Boy.

Hark ! 'tis the College Bell's soft Sound I hear,
 Float in the Wind, and catch the list'ning Ear,
 Admonishing the Mind itself to raise,
 In Chapel, with the Gratitude of Praise.

O gen'rous hearted *Allen* ! Founder great !
 Who had a Soul to give thy large Estate ;
 Thou best of Actors, with a God-like Mind,
 The virtuous, good, well-wisher to Mankind ;
 That the poor Fatherless deserted Child,
 Should not a Victim fall by Vice beguil'd,
 But meet paternal Care, to make him be
 A useful Member to Society ;

Instead

Instead of being noxious to the World,
A Vagabond, or in Perdition hurl'd.

And that the Poor, worn out by toilful Care,
And Age low-tot'ring, should his Bounty share,
Retiring from an anxious World of Pain,
That might with Opportunity regain,
E're falls Life's Curtain on the silent Grave,
The long lost Seats our heav'nly Father gave.

Ah happy, if you knew your happy Lot,
To be maintain'd in this sequester'd Spot,
With every Comfort Mortals can require !
To sooth the Heart, and gratify Desire ;
Where Peace and Plenty, and Religion smile,
To render happy, or to Care beguile.
Where after having, in the Storms of Life,
In Seas all boist'rous, and in Winds at Strife,
Been tost near Quicksands, and a'midst dang'rous Rocks,
Struggling with many dire and heart-felt Shocks ;
Here, in a safer Latitude they glide,
Down Life's smooth Streamlet in a gentle Tide,

'Till

'Till having Time sufficient to prepare,
For that long Voyage which we all must bear;
They're launch'd by Death, from Life's Incumbrance free,
In the vast Ocean of Eternity!

To thee, O *D-v-n/sb-re*, the Muse address'd,
Shall ask thee, Why such Rancour rules thy Breast?
By Nature form'd benevolent kind,
But now to Party and to Rage resign'd!
What, tho' the hapless *Bute*, that Jehu like,
Dar'd, thro' his Prince, thy Father's Honor strike;
'Twas at the Party, not at him, he aim'd
Th' indignant Blow, that Party-pride inflam'd!
And never will thy Heart that Prince forgive?
Say, Can such Malice in thy Bosom live?
And, like th' obdurate Rock, will ne'er relent;
Thy Soul revengeful, still on Mischief bent!
But in Destruction, wouldst thou quick involve
The Constitution, and its Frame dissolve;
So that no Vestage should be left behind!
Tho' in its Vortex thou should'st be consign'd!

Rather than not that Ruin proudly see,
 Fall down on him who never injur'd thee!
 Loading, with Debts, thy princely Fortune too,
 And be the Bubble of a Beggar'd Crew!

Ah, no it cannot be! but why disgrace
 Thy once fair Dutchess, with a charming Face?
 To such base Drudgery, and to act a Part
 Indelicate, so foreign to her Heart!
 Mingling with Drunkards, and with Strumpets too!
 Suff'ring Debasement from the infernal Crew!
 What for? but to support that daring Man,
 Who shook the Nation with his deep-laid Plan!

Then from these dang'rous Paths, that devious lead,
 Midst Snakes, and Vipers, of infernal Breed,
 To Disappointment, and inglorious Shame,
 That will to Ages blast thy faded Fame:
 Draw back!---Return!---'Tis Heav'n that stops the Way!
 And bids thy Heart its Loyalty obey!
 Nor, like the Foe of God and Man, accurst,
 Go on relentless, till you dare the worst!

Ah

Ah, what a Contrast we perceive, between
Devon's fair Dutcheſs, and the prudent Queen;
 Whoſe Looks Decorum modeſtly diſcloſe;
 While forward *Devon* looks the full-blown *Rose*.
 Why waſt thou not contented with the Fame,
 By which the Faction paragraph'd thy Name?
 Who prais'd thy hoiden Beauty to the Skies,
 And want of Senſe made good from ſparkling Eyes!
 But form'd the Heart's kind Feelings to purſue,
 What have the Fair with Politics to do?
 Domeſtic Joys, and ſocial Love, the Queen
 Enobling, made her keep the golden Mean!

But what could make thee turn ſo indiſcreet,
 Decorum ſtab, and Decency defeat?
 To rake the very Brothels for a Vote,
 And let the Letchers on thy Beauty gloat!
 O what a Degradation----falling off!
 Thou Joke of Drunkards, and the Harlot's Scoff;
 Defying Ridicule's loud-laughing Jeer,
 The Shafts of Satyr, and the Grandee's Sneer!

But

But why this Scorn of Decency's Correction,
Because grim *Charles* should carry his Election?

Broad on the Right, by Foliage dark embrown'd,
Deep'ning with mystic Shade the mossy Ground;
The College Copses close to *Norwood* join'd,
Strike a religious Horror on the Mind:
As if some Genius, in the deep Recess,
Haunted the Scene, and awful made th' Ingress!
How sweet in sultry Summer here to rove,
By solemn Moon-light thro' the view'd Grove!

While ruminating thus in Thought profound,
Devious I stray, and dart a Look around.
Home to his Cot the Peasant climbs the Style,
As the Sun sets, without a parting Smile;
And dark-brow'd Evening ting'd with angry Red,
Ushers the feath'ry Songsters to their Bed:
The murm'ring Winds, the Lightnings flash between
The Trees---with Thunder---awfulize the Scene;
While muffled up in Clouds, the Queen of Night
Spreads thro' surrounding Gloom disastrous Light!

What

What do I see slow stalking thro' the Gloom?
 Terrific Sight! as if he brought our Doom!
 A Mortal's Form, with more than mortal Size,
 With Look tremendous, and with glaring Eyes;
 Whose mighty Footsteps shake the trembling Hills!
 I start! my Blood runs cold! with Horror thrills!
 My Nerves all trembling! as he leans aside
 An Oak, with Roots grotesque, and spreading wide;
 Then, as with Sighs Heart heaving, thus he spoke,
 The Leaves deep shudder as he Silence broke.

Lives there ye Pow'rs, he cry'd, a Man confess'd,
 Who, taken to the Bosom of the best
 Of moral Kings, has stung him, Viper like
 Conceal'd, deep in the Heart he dar'd not strike;
 Basely betraying, to his mortal Foes,
 The Confidence that Friendship dar'd repose
 On one, his gen'rous Nature thought a Friend.
 O Friendship, how in Falshood dost thou end!
 Who, when his Kingdom he dismember'd base,
 With seeming Candor, and a smiling Face;

And plung'd him in the Billows of Distress,
 Forsook him with his wonted soft Address,
 To form a League with that tremendous Foe,
 Who, had not Providence, with timely Blow,
 Struck the bold Chief, would have his Sceptre broke
 If there is such a Man! aloud he spoke,
 Should we not call from Heav'n for such Revolt,
 The Vengeance of the red-hot Thunder Bolt?
 No, let not Anger antedate the Doom,
 Which waits the Wicked in a World to come;
 And glorious there set right what here seems wrong!
 For Retribution must to Heav'n belong.

But ah, the Prince he sigh'd!---nor more he said,
 While on his Cheek the Tear deep gushing spread!
 Then, like an Eagle, rushing from the Sight,
 With broad wide-spreading Wings he took his Flight,
 In Clouds embosom'd, which the North Winds blew,
 And grumbling Thunder follow'd where he flew.

As the Muse shudders at the Name of H——
 Is the dark Brother to be trusted now!

Why

Why does thy Star, Sir *William*, make us start?

America replies----behold his Heart!

Long Island at cajol'd *Britannia* smiles,

And Congress grows refulgent with her Spoils.

If *Britain's* Crimes to Heav'n for Vengeance call,

She to her own base Sons will owe her dreaded Fall.

Here *Thompson*, Fav'rite of the rural Muse,

Nature's sweet Pupil, and the mild Recluse,

Enraptur'd in the *Norwood*-skirting Shades,

In awful deep'ning Groves, and Sun-lit Glades;

With pensive Thought stray'd pond'ring in his Mind,

The State of Nature, and how fell Mankind:

And why, in this strange World, were Mortals born!

A Field thick set with Thought as standing Corn!

For when Serene on yon Leaf-mantled Hill,

Thinking on Man, and his Companion, IN,

He rov'd enchanted, wrapt in Thought profound,

Thro' Groves harmonius, sweet as Fairy Ground;

Full on his Sight imperial *London* rose,

Wash'd by its *Thames*, that thro' its Corn Fields flows.

Struck with the wondrous Joy-inspiring Sight,
 He felt his Bosom glow with high Delight;
 But when Reflection reassumed her Reign,
 His Heart back starting flutter'd with its Pain!
 Back to the Woods umbrageous, swift he flew,
 Glad that his Heart could bid its Scenes adieu:
 For there, as thro' a magic Glass, he saw
 The God of this bad World his Subjects draw,
 With filken Cords of soft alluring Joys,
 Forbidden Bliss, and gay deceptive Toys;
 Amidst Temptations thick secreted Snares,
 And plunge them deep in Heart-distracting Cares;
 While some he drag'd with Chains habitual round,
 As mean-soul'd Slaves, on Folly's mazy Ground!

There too his Eyes beheld impulsive Fate,
 Pride and Ambition fire the high-born Great!
 To steel the Nerves, and ironize the Heart,
 And Faction, cloak'd with public Good, its Part
 Act plausible, with honey'd Words, to work
 Its devious Way, and scepter'd Pow'r from Monarchs, jerk!

Thus

Thus proud of his Escape from Folly's Pow'r,
 He thank'd kind Heav'n, and blest his natal Hour;
 Beneath an Oak, the Pride of Ages, down
 He sat, on Beds of Violets, with a Crown
 Of Woodbine, sweetly gay, and thus he sung,
 Soft to his vocal Harp, by Nature strung;
 While Silence stopp'd around th' admiring Birds,
 And, like another *Orpheus*, charm'd the list'ning Herds.

Now my Soul of heav'nly Birth,
 Breaks its Fetters, quits low Earth;
 And all gay, with Sun-beam Wings,
 Up thro' Fields of Azure springs.
 Hark! I hear the angelic Note,
 Sweet from golden Viols float!
 Midst immortal Seats and Bowers,
 Woven with unfading Flowers!

Mortals lov'd by Heav'n's great King,
 Hither come, they sweetly sing!
 Earthly Joys but Moment's last,
 Empty Blifs! and quickly past!

Mixt, embitter'd, dash'd with Pain,
 While on Earth fierce Evils reign.
 Happier we, with endless Joys,
 Revel in Bliss that never cloy!
 Then from Vice and Folly fly,
 Claim your Birth-right in the Sky!
 Act the God-like Hero's Part,
 Gain a Conquest ov'er the Heart!
 Then you'll taste, with Angels here,
 Bliss as lasting as sincere.
 Hither thus in Chorus join'd,
 The angelic Band invite Mankind,
 While responsive Lyres reply,
 Hast away, and claim the Sky!



Poor

F I N I S.